

DENNIS P. EICHHORN'S ENNUI AND ECSTASY TOGETHER IN PERFECT ENTROPY

REAL STUFF

MATURE READERS

NUMBER EIGHT



♪ DON' BE
CROOOEL...

ELVIS?

J.W.

Woodring • Zabel & Dumm • Sendelbach •  • Tuazon • Williams


"TAKE MY CAR... PLEASE!"

THERE ARE *FRIENDS*... AND THEN THERE ARE *ENEMIES*. SOMETIMES IT'S HARD TO TELL THEM APART. TAKE *JUDO*, FOR INSTANCE

DENNY! CHECK OUT MY NEW WHEELS!



BY THOSE TWO *CAR-AZY* GUYS:
DENNIS P. EICHORN,
WRITER
BRIAN P. SENDEL BACH,
ARTIST-GUY

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HE WAS A FEW YEARS OLDER THAN I, AND HAD A **BAD REPUTATION**. NATURALLY, I WANTED HIS **RESPECT**.





AFTER AN HOUR, I HEADED BACK TO JUDD'S.



HOW'D IT GO?
DID YOU HAVE
ANY TROUBLE?



NO TROUBLE
AT ALL. IT
DRIVES REAL
NICE.

I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT
HOW IT HANDLES. I MEAN,
DID THE COPS STOP YOU
OR ANYTHING?



COPS? NO!
WHY SHOULD
THEY?



BECAUSE IT'S HOT,
YOU DUMBFUCK!
MARLYS STOLE IT
IN VEGAS A COUPLE
OF DAYS AGO!



SEE WHAT I MEAN?
YOU JUST NEVER KNOW!
AND ANOTHER THING...
IF SOMETHING SEEMS
TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE,
THERE MUST BE A
REASON!



YEARS LATER, DOWN ON MY LUCK IN SPOKANE, I STOPPED AT A FUNKY NIGHT-SPOT TO HAVE A COUPLE OF BEERS AND LISTEN TO A FEW TUNES.





LATER THAT NIGHT, I DROVE ART'S CHEVY A HUNDRED MILES, BACK TO MOSCOW.



A MONTH LATER, I GOT A PHONE CALL FROM ART.



THAT EVENING, WE HAD SOME VISITORS FROM PORTLAND DROP BY.

I NOTICE YOUR CHEVY HAS OREGON PLATES.

ART McDANIELS LOANED IT TO ME, AND HE JUST MOVED FROM PORTLAND TO SPOKANE.



ART McDANIELS? WE KNOW WHO HE IS. HE HAD A REPUTATION AS THE BIGGEST SPEED DEALER IN PORTLAND.

WHAT?



THAT'S RIGHT. AND THERE WAS THIS INCIDENT LAST YEAR...

...AS I RECALL IT, A FRIEND OF ART'S WENT OUT TO START ART'S CAR ONE MORNING, AND...



HE WAS KILLED IN THE BLAST. THE WORD ON THE STREET WAS THAT A GROUP OF RIVAL METH DEALERS DECIDED TO PUT ART OUT OF BUSINESS, AND BLEW AWAY HIS BUDDY BY MISTAKE.

RIGHT AFTER THAT, ART AND HIS WIFE SPLIT TOWN. NO ONE KNEW WHERE THEY WENT. THIS IS THE FIRST TIME WE'VE HEARD OF THEM BEING IN SPOKANE.

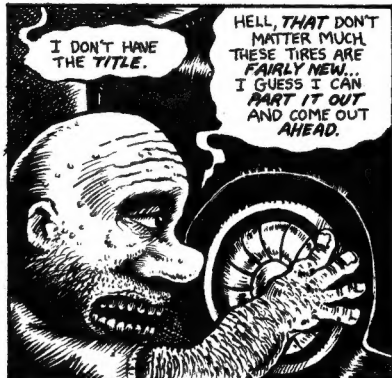


THE NEXT MORNING, MY LANDLORD CONFRONTED ME IN THE ALLEY.

DENNY, YOU'RE A FEW DAYS LATE WITH YOUR RENT.

OH, YEAH, CARL...





Don't Be Cruel!

BY DENNIS P. EICHORN

WHAT'S THIS?



...BACK TO A HOT SUMMER NIGHT IN BOISE, IDAHO.

SCHOOL'S OUT!

LET'S GO OVER TO CALDWELL AN' GET DRUNK!

I'M UP FOR IT!



WE'LL HAVE A PITCHER OF COORS AND FOUR GLASSES.

HEY - THERE ARE A COUPLE OF GUYS I KNOW FROM CALDWELL.



GUYS, MEET STEVE AND RON, TWO FRIENDS OF MINE.

GERALD!

GREAT! GRAB SOME CHAIRS AND JOIN US! WAITRESS, MAKE THAT TWO PITCHERS!

WE ALL DRANK BEER FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS. THEN...

SAY, THERE'S A DANCE IN TOWN TONIGHT. WANT TO CHECK IT OUT?

YEAH, LET'S BUY SOME BEER TO GO AND GET OUT OF HERE!

YOU BET!



ART BY JOE ZABEL & GARY DUMM

...WE PILED INTO THE IMPALA AND FOLLOWED STEVE AND RON INTO CALDWELL.

I'M READY FOR SOME PUSSY!

GERALD, POP ME ONE OF THOSE COORS.

WE WENT TO A DANCE...

...WATCHED RON'S BROTHER LARRY GET INTO A FIGHT...

KILL THE SON OF A BITCH!

FUCKER!

MOTHERFUCKER!

...AND THEN FOLLOWED STEVE AND RON TO THE LOCAL HANGOUT.

REED & BELL

FINE ROOT BEER

HERE WE ARE.

QUITE A SPOT!

WHERE ARE THE WOMEN?

IT'S THAT BAD-ASS IMPALA SUPER-SPORT FROM BOISE!

THAT'S THE HOTTEST CAR IN THE VALLEY!

WHAT ARE YOU RUNNING, MAN?

A 348 WITH A FOUR-BARREL.

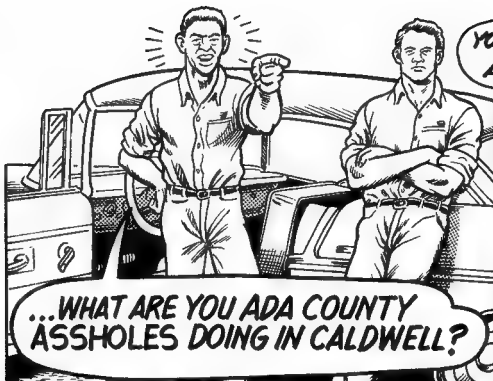
HOW ABOUT POPPING THE HOOD?

HOW FAST WIL THAT IMPALA GO?

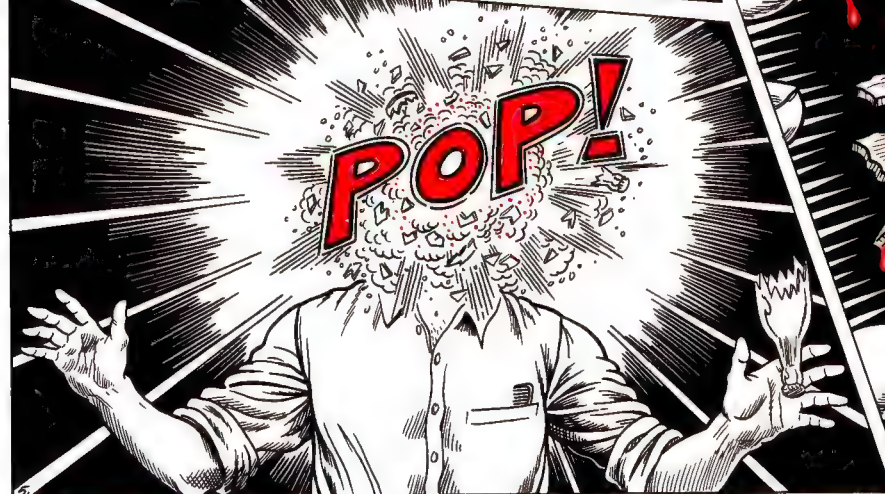
THAT'S HARD TO SAY- THE SPEEDOMETER ONLY GOES SO HIGH!

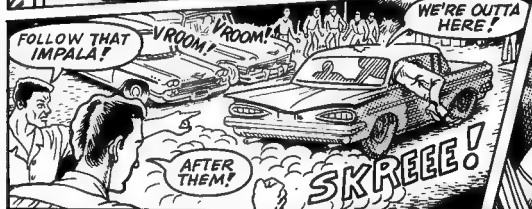
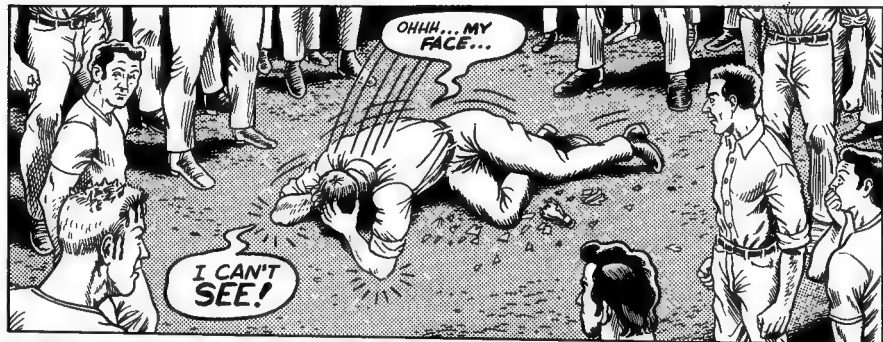
ALL AT ONCE -

HEY!









WHEN I WOKE UP,
MY HEAD HURT
AND I WAS DIZZY...



YOU GOT A FEW CUTS ON
YOUR HEAD, LOST SOME
BLOOD, AND PASSED OUT.
A COP CHASED US, I
DITCHED HIM, AND WE
BROUGHT YOU HERE TO
MY PLACE!



LATER THAT DAY, STEVE CALLED
FROM CALDWELL.

I'M GLAD TO HEAR YOU'RE
O.K.! THAT GUY YOU BLASTED
IS REALLY FUCKED UP!

SO HE
LIVED!

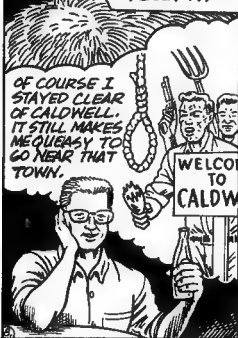
YEAH, BUT HE'S GOING
TO BE EVEN UGLIER
THAN BEFORE.

I HEARD THEY PUT 180 STITCHES
IN HIS FACE! HE'S FROM A
BIG FAMILY OF BAD-ASS MOTHER-
FUCKERS, AND THEY'RE ALL
LOOKING FOR YOU!

GUESS I'LL STAY OUT OF CALDWELL!

I WOULD IF I
WERE YOU!

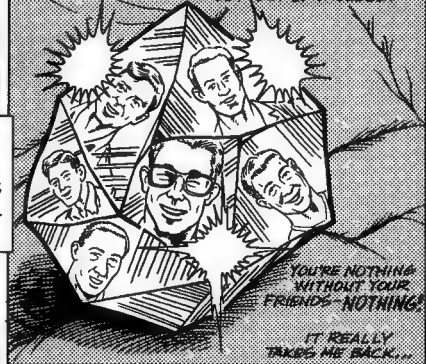
I LAID LOW AND HEALED UP.
I HAD A WHITE SPLATCH OF
HAIR FROM THE HY-
DROGEN PEROXIDE,
AND THAT WAS
ABOUT IT.



BUT EVERY SO OFTEN,
OVER THE YEARS -



IT ALWAYS SERVES AS A REMINDER OF HOW THINGS
CAN GET OUT OF CONTROL, AND HOW SOMETIMES
YOU NEED TO RELY ON YOUR FRIENDS TO HELP YOU
GET OUT OF TROUBLE.



THE END

DRUG-DEALER ETIQUETTE

BY DENNIS P. EICHHORN

SCRATCHINGS BY A-092

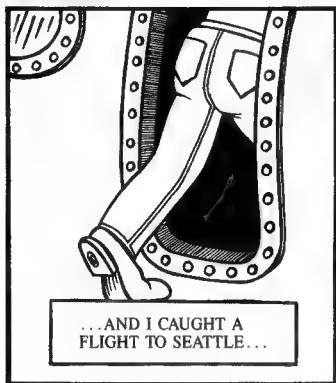
Excuse Moi.



ONE TIME I WANTED TO SCORE SO I CALLED MY CONNECTION IN THE BAY AREA COLLECT FROM A PAY PHONE.



HERE DENNY, DROP A HIT BEFORE YOU LEAVE.





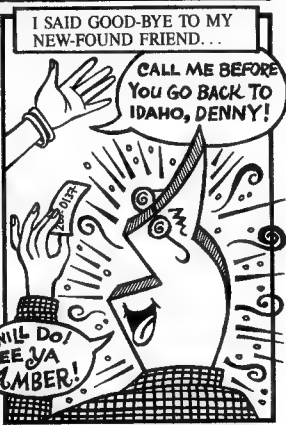
... TRANSFERRED TO A LARGER JET HEADING SOUTH...



... AND FLEW INTO SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL.



... WE ARE NOW MAKING OUR FINAL APPROACH TO BAGHDAD BY THE BAY!



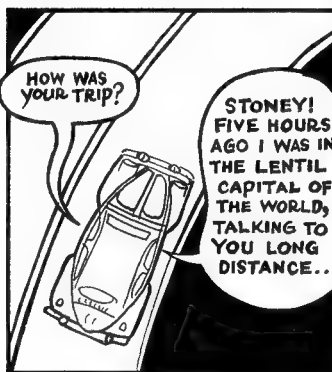
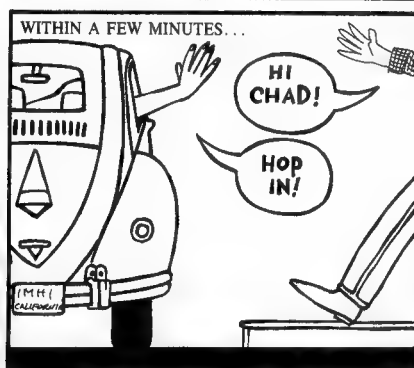
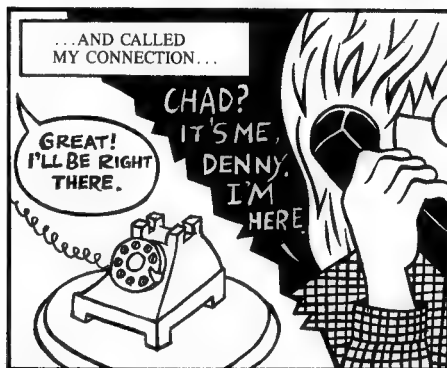
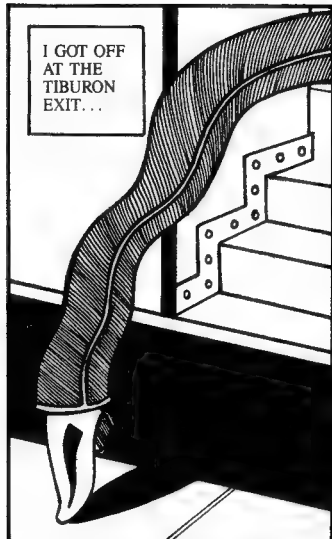
WILL DO! SEE YA AMBER!



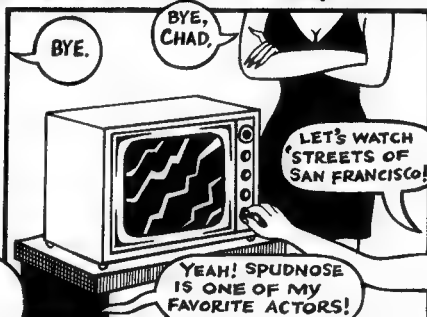
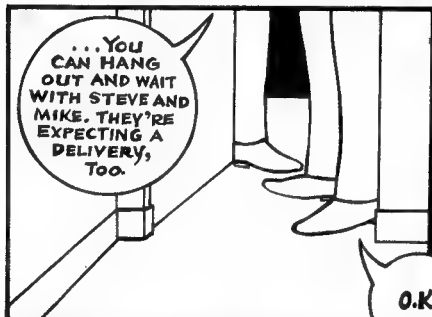
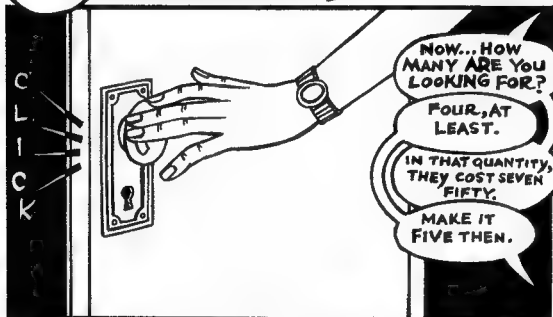
... ON A WARM SAN FRANCISCO NIGHT...

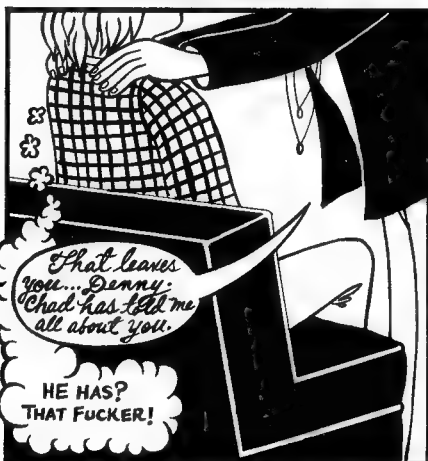


IF YOU GO TO SAN FRANCISCO...



DENNY, I THINK YOU KNOW
STEVE AND MIKE...







Don't get
upright.



MILO,
SHALL
WE...



THIS GUY
IS TOO MUCH!

People
need to keep
track of these
things on my end. There are
certain concerns that must be
addressed in this biz, or else the
deal doesn't go down. But don't
worry. I've got what you came
for.

Now, before Chad and I
step into the next room to
conclude our transaction, there
is one issue we should address
... And that is: I HAVE THE GOODS.
You're paying a higher price for
them than Chad does, because
he's a middleman.



Here's my
question: Now that we've
met one another, what's to
stop us from dealing directly
and cutting Chad out
entirely?

UM



I DON'T THINK
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA,
MILO. FOR ONE THING,
CHAD IS OUR FRIEND. WE'VE
KNOWN HIM FOR YEARS, AND
IT'S UNLIKELY HE'S A NARC.
PLUS THAT, CHAD IS EX-
TREMELY CAREFUL WHO
HE DEALS WITH.

Yeah, but
I'm cool... and I'm
cautious, too. Besides,
I'm Chad's main source
of supply.

STILL, CHAD
KNOWS OTHER PEOPLE...
AND YOU COULD GET POPPED
SOMETIME. THEN WHAT
WOULD WE DO?



CHAD WOULDN'T
TRUST US
ANYMORE,
BECAUSE WE
BYPASSED HIM.

MILO, MAYBE
WE SHOULD...

All right. I under-
stand your point of
reference... we'll
talk again later.

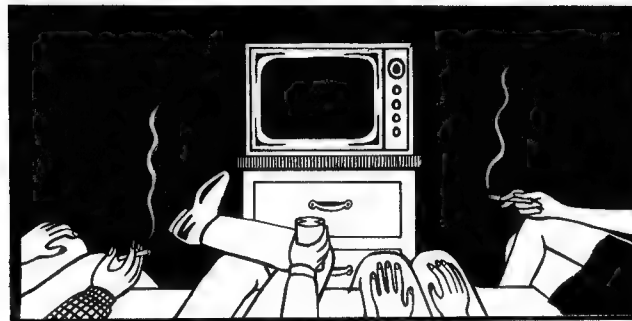
GREAT.

WONDERFUL.

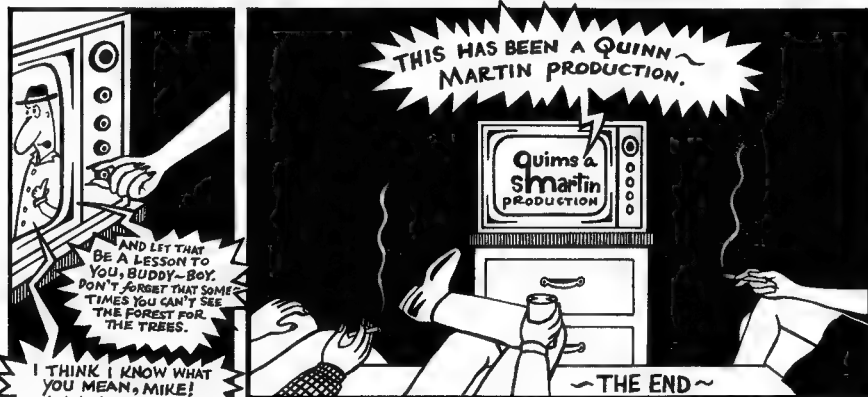
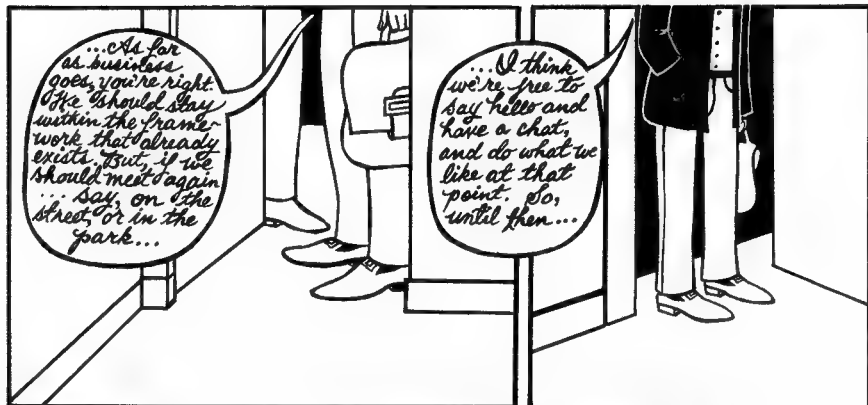
COOL.

FABULOUS.

IS THIS
GUY FOR
REAL?



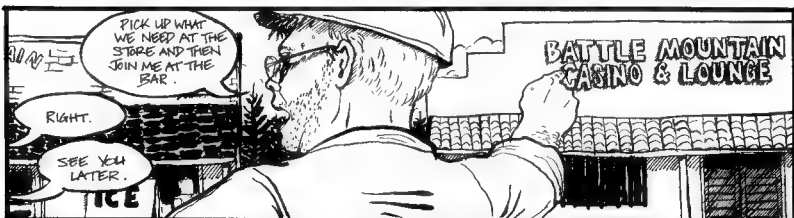
I guess that's
it for now, Chad
... Oh, and one last
thing my friends...



Suckers

BY DENNIS P. BICHORN
ARTWORK BY NOEL TUZON

I ONCE HELPED SUPPRESS A SMALL RANGE FIRE IN NORTHERN NEVADA. AFTERWARDS, MY SQUAD DROVE INTO A NEARBY TOWN TO PICK UP SUPPLIES.



The MOUSE, Man!

©'92 by DENNIS P. EICHHORN

Illustrated by WILLIAMS

A FEW YEARS BACK, THE BROTHERHOOD OF ETERNAL LOVE COOKED UP SOME MICKEY MOUSE ACID.

Eureka!



Ukiah!



THEY REPRODUCED THE IMAGE OF MICKEY AS A SORCERER ON SHEETS OF PERFORATED BLOTTER PAPER IN FOUR COLORS, WITH 500 MICROGRAMS OF LSD ON EACH SECTION.

THE STUFF WAS ALL OVER THE NORTHWEST...

Sheets, 5" x 5" w/picture of "Mickey Mouse"

POLICE INFORMATION

CAUTION: Children may be susceptible to this type of cartoon stamp believing it a tattoo transfer.

Four thousand (4,000) "Mickey Mouse" stamps laced with an hallucinogenic drug "LSD" on the reverse side have surfaced in Essex County, N.J. Fifty (50) of these stamps have been bought in Bergen County, N.J. for \$2.00 per stamp. Regular "blotter" type acid sells for \$3.00 to \$7.00 per dose. Union and Middlesex Counties are only finding "blotter" type acid on plain paper. The age group selling acid is between 15 and 20 years old. "Superman" stamps are also said to be in circulation.

Enlargement of stamp

--THE DISNEY BIG-WIGS FREAKED!

SPARE NO EXPENSE! PUT THE BEST INVESTIGATORS MONEY CAN BUY ON THIS!



--CONCERNED PARENTS & TEACHERS FREAKED!!

THIS IS AN INSIDIOUS PLOT TO TRICK INNOCENT, IMPRESSIONABLE YOUNGSTERS INTO TAKING DANGEROUS DRUGS!



--THE COPS FREAKED!!!

THESE SLIMEBALL DRUG PUSHERS WILL STOP AT NOTHING! IT'S A WAR, MAKE NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT!



AND--

--THE FREAKS FREAKED!!



HERE, LET ME GIVE YOU AN EXAMPLE...



... ONE HOT SUMMER NIGHT I WAS WORKING AT THE DOOR OF A PIONEER SQUARE NIGHT-SPOT, CHECKING I.D.'S & COLLECTING THE COVER CHARGE. I WAS TALKING WITH THE CLUB'S MANAGER, WHEN SUDDENLY...

GOOD CROWD TONIGHT!

YES, IT IS...

UH-OH, WHAT'S THIS?!

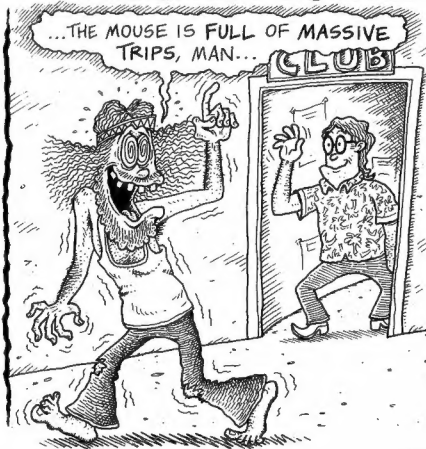
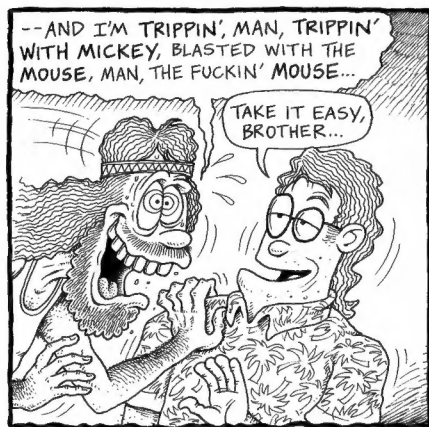


... A VERY STONED INDIVIDUAL CAME THROUGH THE DOOR FROM THE STREET.

--I'M ON THE MOUSE, MAN!

--I'M TRIPPIN' WITH MICKEY!!





MAN, WHAT A
CONTACT
HIGH--!

♪ NOW IT'S TIME...
TO SAY GOODBYE...

--IS THERE A
FULL MOON
TONIGHT?

--The MOUSE, man,
the fuckin'
MOUSE...

...IN THE MAGIC KINGDOM!

OH, THERE'S ALWAYS
A FULL MOON...

♪ EM-EYE-SEE-- ♪ KAY-EE-WYE--

"WHY"?!! BECAUSE
I'M TRIPPIN' WITH
MICKEY, MAN!!



END!

